

RISTORI AS PIA DE TOLOMEL

Signor Marconio's "Piade Totomoni" is a thirteenth-act farce, and is a rather old-fashioned Italian play. It is worthy of the old Italian Theater in its palmy days. It is such a dud that it would have satisfied the wildest dreams of Mr. Crummles. There is a part in it for every member of the family. Nothing would have suited Mr. Crummles himself better than Rinaldo; Hugo could have fallen into abler hands than those of Mr. Marconio; and there not a capital situation even for Phenocion? Mrs. Crummles would have suited exactly suited with the role of Pia: the old Italian is exactly in Lilywhite's way; and the plot that would have arisen would have been the same as that of "The Two Orphans." The characters of Henrietta Petowker, and Miss Snerdell, as they should be, the characters of the two girls, as they should be, the villainous system of dramatics practiced by the Agricultural Bureau, and the Crummleses. Nor should we forget to mention that so admirably is the plot adapted to the role of the Crummles Company, that even the "rehearsal" and "washing-tub" which Nicholas had so much difficulty in working into his play could have been triumphantly worked in. The play could have been brought in, just in time, to last night, to be set up in the very middle of the pestiferous marsh and worked up by the retainers of Rinaldo until the last drop of stagnation was transferred from the marsh to the washing-tubs, when the unfortunate Pia, having been fifteen or twenty minutes on the very verge of solution, might have gradually been restored to her original existence with her

The original play, although absurd enough "is writ in choice Italian," and calls for no criticism, but we must be allowed a word of translation, which is a remarkable performance. The translator has been so well instructed to some young person who has undertaken the study of Italian, and who, one season, and that without a master, attacked Signor Marengo's masterpiece, with result we need hardly say. He did not know enough to understand that the accompanying Italian, and reduces the reader to know what the raving warriors, in full armor, tested by white woolen opera-koats, are saying; makes them so red in the face, to call for mercy. Pray, if the translator, say, will, will cover one favor upon that portion of the play that finds the turning over the leaves of the play an annoyance. His translation is so unintelligible as English, and so useless as an aid to the understanding of the play, that few persons have the strength to struggle the first scene, and in the rest of the evening and the periodical leaves are wholly avoided. We wish Mr. Gray

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to know what the raving warriors, in full armed by white woolen opera-cloaks, are saying makes them so red in the face—to a mild despondency. Pray, the author of this translation, has he conferred one favor upon that portion of the audience that finds the turning over the leaves of the play an annoyance. His translation is so unintelligible as English, and so useless as an aid to the play, that few persons have any wish to struggle with it after the first scene, and in consequence the audience is content to watch the rest of the evening and the periodical turning of the leaves is wholly avoided. We wish Mr. Gray

But, bad as Marengo's play is, Ristori, in best of her part in it and, indeed, all the reasons well, considering that nothing is done of them but that they should get as far away as possible. It is not in human nature that it has once risen above the traditions of the to be interested in such a play, and we doubt to were to come down and act in it, whether but the mere curiosity of seeing how that persons would behave, could keep us wide as the end. In the first act, Ristori looks well. Of course, in a real life the course of events have come to a sudden stand-still with a outrageous conduct of Hugo in this act. Pia's own house would have ordered her mother to shut that improper person up in a dark room where, and kept him there on bread and water, and her husband came home, when if Rimoldi had sense of what was becoming, he would have sent

off the curtains back in view of silk for a new  
his wife, giving her a pair of silk for a new  
and everything was done with great serene and  
I think that it would have happened at the  
the "Les Ptolemies," as the learned  
critic of an evening paper; perhaps Mr. Pray  
obligingly translates the heroine's name for  
us as things don't go so. Madame Ristori is obliging  
form herself to the demands of Signor Marengo  
position, and there can be no question that  
the part with graceful majesty and with feel-  
her acting in this play. The TRIBUTE has already  
just justice, nor should we again allude to it, if  
not for the purpose of expressing our disast-  
with Madame Ristori for undertaking the part.  
Judging Ristori merely by her fame, it was  
astonished us, after reading this worthless play-  
told that she had condescended to go to  
of learning the part of Ptolemy since we  
studied her acting for ourselves, and we  
not obliged to take her upon trust, or to measure  
her by the demands of enthusiastic critics.

glimpse of the water, there is much to be surprised. She is not an artist of the highest class on the contrary, her leanings are decidedly melodramatic effects and sensational. Surley, if it were not so, she would think more of her gifts than to waste them on such a "Pia," and would instinctively shrink from scenes that on the contrary she seems to delight in. We trust it is not cant to express our conviction, genius, or talent even, especially talent of the order as Ristori's, is a gift of God that imposes obligations. A person endowed with this gift to retain his own self-respect, can only justly respect of the world, when he uses it for his own good. He ought not to waste his time in anything that will not tend to his own good, anything that will not tend to his own high thoughts and noble purposes in his fellow men. We think that we have asserted for the artist and brain ought to be acknowledge actor, and one is as derelict as the other when laws are disobeyed. Ristori seems to us to

these laws but little. Her gifts are not to be questioned. Her beauty, her voice, her range of active power, her intelligence, her culture, are seldom seen shut into one being, and it is to see these powers squandered or put to waste. It is difficult to believe that the noblest woman of the opening scenes of *Pia*, and the last act, are the same person. If the death of "Adrienne" be ghastly and painful beyond nature, it is not utterly ridiculous, but the death is made a piece of pure absurdity. That a noble should take it into her head to go to the middle of a glacial marsh, where only a chrysalis feature consists of an abundance of power, stuck into the graves of the have died of malaria, and should then and there, in the face of the dead, be a woman, is a very face of it. But if she must die, and in getting into the most uncomfortable place to find to do it, we might at least be allowed to insist that she should die and be done with.

Ristori has the vulgar notion that it is a fine  
 to be as long in dying as possible, and that it is  
 to expose as much of the disagreeable physical  
 of death as there is time for. So, she wheezes  
 most life-like and malarious fashion. Two  
 students behind us, were so bewitched with  
 wheeze that they could hardly repress their  
 amusement. Then she turns up the whites of her eyes  
 flings her arms about, and gasps after a struggle  
 breath, and sinks into a sink, and her attendants  
 attendants being long and anxious to hold her, her  
 all about her in a long and anxious to hold her, her  
 on the stage. She is then dead at last, this poor  
 Marenna has been effectual and the curtain  
 It does not fail, it sticks—what, is the  
 Alas, she is not yet dead. She revives, and  
 tired attendants despondently apply the  
 snow to the task of helping her to shake off the  
 tal coil. They lift her up, and with infinite  
 they drag her across the stage and set her down  
 green base rock in the most unhealthy place

marsh. It is too much for her, and after a little while she suddenly collapses and sinks down, up the sides of a pair of fine French boots in the audience, and in a way calculated to amuse most story-hearers to tears.

The reader reproaches us for our levity. The truth it is true that this trifling with awful real life and death, for so end not to mere the sympathies of audiences that seem to have feeling for true art, ought to be rebuked, may be ridiculed when it is done by an artist of taste and pretension of Ristori. We are humiliated spectators; we hold her derelict to her high voice forcing it upon our attention.

**BILLIARDS.**

THE TOURNAMENT AT HARTFORD, 1853.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

HARTFORD, Nov. 17.—The final game of the tournament, which has been going on since Monday, has just been decided by the English, Messrs. Hollo-

Hewins of Hartford. The former won it by a score of 135, thereby winning the golden cup and the title of champion. He was not beaten during the tournament. The game is assessed by a very few audiences, who are composed of the best players in the country. The game is the second tournament which Connecticut has won to a successful issue. This one has been a decided success and will do much for the advancement of the game.

**CRIME.**

**HEAVY ROBBERY AT NEW-ORLEANS.**

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.

NEW-ORLEANS, Nov. 17.—Mr. Lapeyre, firm of Pike, Lapeyre & Bros., was skulking robbed of a package of money amounting to \$30,000, in \$500 (Comptroler's notes) lately, while in the act of purchasing stamps at the Post Office yesterday. No clue has been obtained to the